



and CHARLES STARRETT as

DURANGO KID

10.28

the DURANGO KID



FRED GUARDINEER

New!
1954 MODEL!

A New Shipment of
Famous Rothlar
Binoculars
Has Arrived
from Germany

SAVE!

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from IMPORTER

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18 MILES!**

Here at last—the all NEW, improved Roth binoculars with the famous 3X, 40 Klaroptar lenses—now better than ever before! They're more refined, sharper, clearer, 3 ways better than the sensational 1953 model! When we announced the '53 model we were swamped with over 50,000 orders! We were sold out and forced to hold up thousands of orders. Unfortunately, we disappointed lots of nice folks! This time we're taking no chances! We're strictly limiting orders to ONE 1954 model per family and will sell NONE to dealers!

Klaroptar Lenses Are Precision Made!

The secret of ROTHLAR'S great public acceptance is the precision made 3X, 40 lenses. Unlike other glasses, they are not moulded or stamped out on plastic presses. These new 1954 genuine Klaroptar lenses are ground out ONE BY ONE by proud German optical workers! This takes much more time and limits production. BUT WHAT A DIFFERENCE! This latest model gives you sharper, clearer, magic-like viewing. No annoying distortions! No chromatic fringe to cause eye-strain! ALL Klaroptar lenses are turned out under the supervision of WALTER ROTH in his small factory in Hartmannshof, Western Germany. He has the Old World family pride, Herr Roth simply won't let an inferior product bear his name. Naturally this means you get a really superior binocular if you are one of the lucky people to order this optical instrument!

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Don't confuse ROTH-KLAROPTAR BINOCULARS with cheap, crudely made Japanese binoculars selling from \$2 to \$4. This is NOT a toy! Quality made throughout. Smooth synchronized CENTER focusing construction is rugged—yet they're LIGHT—easy to carry in their weather-protected case! The lenses are made with the same care as in \$10 binoculars!! NOW—get a pair DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER at the unbelievable low price of \$3.00—while they last!

ENJOY ONE AT OUR RISK!

We'll send you the ALL-NEW 1954 ROTH BINOCULARS on 5-DAY TRIAL. Enjoy without any obligation whatsoever! Use for nature study, boxing matches, races, basketball, football. Carry along a pair when motoring, sailing, flying, hunting and fishing, too! Use it for celestial observation, watching children and neighbors' television, movies, seashore scenes, etc. COMPARE AT ANY DISTANCE FROM 18 FEET TO 18 MILES! You must be delighted or your \$3 comes back—no questions asked! Please rush your order today. This shipment won't last long! First come, first served! Orders received too late will be returned promptly.

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Not \$10
3
Tax Paid!
**WATERPROOF
CASE GIVEN**

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RUSH ONE 1954 ROTH-KLAROPTAR Binocular with case on 5-DAY TRIAL—money back guarantee.

☐ Enclosed \$3—send tax and postpaid.

☐ Send COD plus all postal fees.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

Zone _____

State _____

☐ Check here if you want DELUXE MODEL instead, with built-in compass. Only \$1 more—total \$4.

NOTE: Only ONE model sent to a family address. No combinations sold at present.

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the DURANGO KID

THE DANGERS OF THE DESERT — PUMA, RATTLESNAKE, VULTURE, THIRST — ALL FADE TO NOTHING BEFORE THE GREATEST DANGER OF THEM ALL — THE MENACE OF

"The Pirate of the Sands!"

— FRED GUARDINER



A WAGON TRAIN OF PIONEERS CREEPS ACROSS THE DEADLY DESERT...

I CAN'T STAND IT... THIRSTY—TIRED... I'LL DIE...

>GASP< ... LEAVE ME HERE... CAN'T GO ON... >GASP< ...

WATER! I SEE IT—A WATER-HOLE—JUST IN TIME!



WATER!

THANK HEAVEN!

SAVED!

ALL RIGHT MEN—MOVE IN!

WHO—WHO ARE YOU? I AM **MORO**—PIRATE OF THE SANDS! AND YOU ARE MY VICTIMS!... MOVE IN, MEN—YOU KNOW YOUR JOBS!

RIGHT, BOSS!

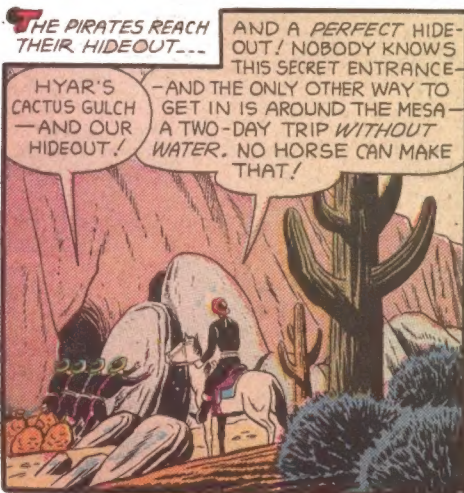


PLEASE—OUR FAMILY POSSESSIONS—THAT'S ALL WE OWN!

OUTA MUH WAY! **WOW**—WHUT LOOT!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

THE HOURS PASS. THE DESERT SAND BURNS LIKE FIRE. THE WIND IS LIKE THE BLAST OF A FURNACE...

BEEN GOING ALMOST A WHOLE DAY... THIRSTY... DRY... BUT I CAN'T WASTE MY WATER! IF I CAN ONLY HOLD OUT UNTIL NIGHT... MUSTN'T DRINK... MUSTN'T DRINK YET... **CONTROL, DURANGO—CONTROL!**



DURANGO TRUDGES ON WITHOUT DRINKING HIS PRECIOUS WATER — ALL THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT! MORNING COMES...

MORNING!
MADE IT! THERE'S THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE MESA UP AHEAD. IT'S SAFE TO DRINK NOW — THERE'S WATER INSIDE THE GULCH, I'M SURE...



DURANGO SOON DRAINS HIS CANTEEN... AND THEN—!

BLAZES! A SANDSTORM! AND ALL MY WATER'S GONE!



THE SANDSTORM COMES ON, SUDDEN, DEADLY, BLINDING!

LOST! LOST!
I CAN'T SEE A THING... GETTING EXHAUSTED. I WAS SO NEAR— AND NOW SO FAR!



AND HOURS LATER... AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME... THE SANDSTORM SWEEPS ON— LEAVING ONLY A MERCILESS SUN— AND THE DESERT!

IT'S OVER—AND I'VE BEEN DRIVEN EVEN FARTHER AWAY FROM THE MESA! CAN I MAKE IT— WITHOUT WATER?



A BURNING TORMENT OF HOURS PASS BY...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT! THE ENTRANCE TO THE GULCH— AND WATER!



A PUMA!



THE DURANGO KID



TIME PASSES, THEN DURANGO IS BROUGHT BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS — WITH A JOLT!



THE DURANGO KID

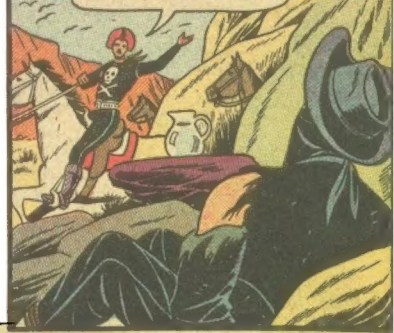
I HAVE YOUR FUTURE ALL PLANNED OUT, DURANGO. SOON THOSE VULTURES WILL GAIN THE COURAGE TO ATTACK— AND THEN IT WILL BE ALL OVER FOR YOU!



MEANWHILE, TO HELP YOU PASS THE TIME, YOU CAN LOOK AT THIS NICE, FRESH PITCHER OF **WATER—HA-HA-HA!**



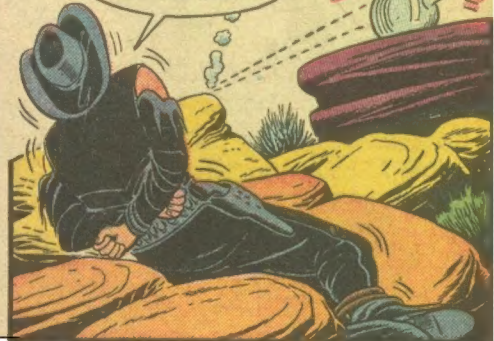
SO LONG, DURANGO—FOREVER! TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY AND WATCH THE FUN, BUT THERE'S A WAGON TRAIN COMING UP TO THE WATER HOLE AGAIN. NO HARM YOU'RE FINDING OUT ABOUT THIS SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE GULCH—**YOU'LL NEVER USE IT!**



THERE **HAS** TO BE A WAY OUT! THAT WATER—PITCHER!— WHEN THE SUN HITS IT, IT ACTS JUST LIKE A **MAGNIFYING GLASS!**



NEED ALL MY STRENGTH! HAVE TO WRIGGLE OVER TO WHERE THAT PITCHER IS CONCENTRATING THE RAYS OF THE SUN...

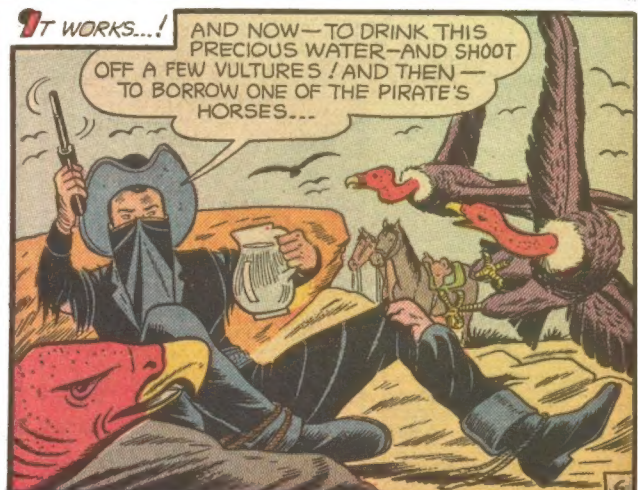


OUCH!—I'M BURNING MY HANDS, TOO—BUT IT'S **WORKING!**



IT WORKS...!

AND NOW—TO DRINK THIS PRECIOUS WATER—AND SHOOT OFF A FEW VULTURES! AND THEN—TO BORROW ONE OF THE PIRATE'S HORSES...





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Address _____

City _____

State _____

Occupation _____

Age _____

Amount you want to borrow \$ _____

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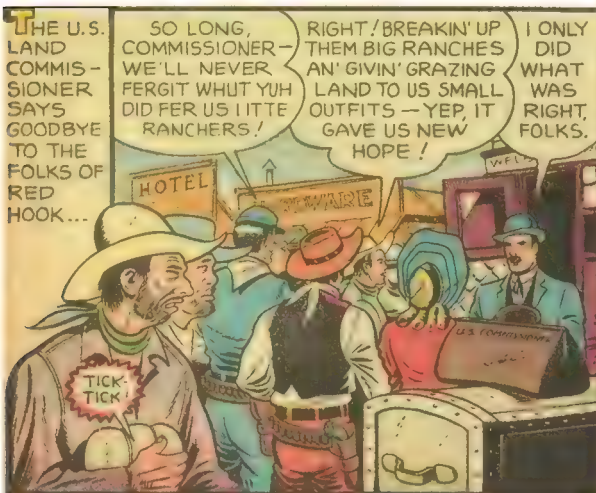


A SHORT
TIME
LATER—AT
THE WATER
HOLE IN
THE
DESERT...

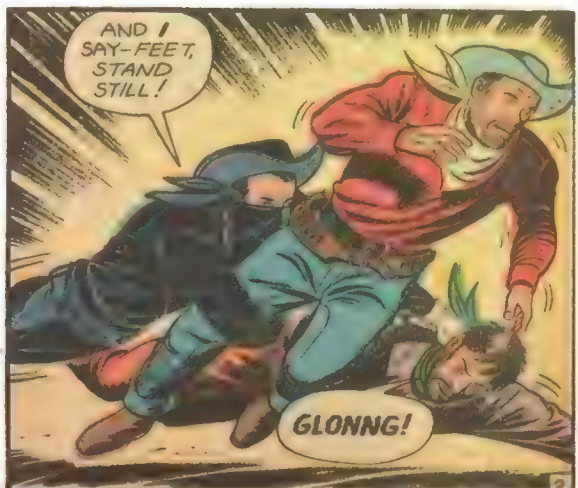
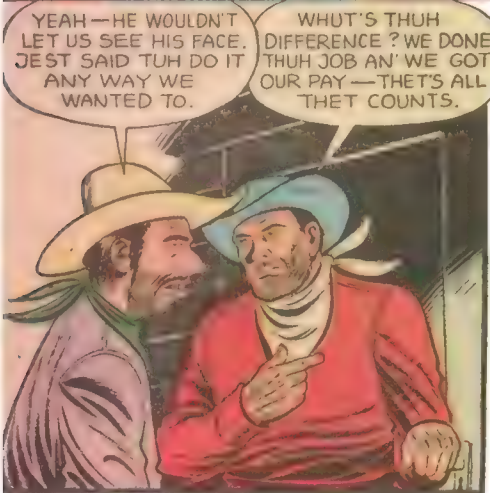
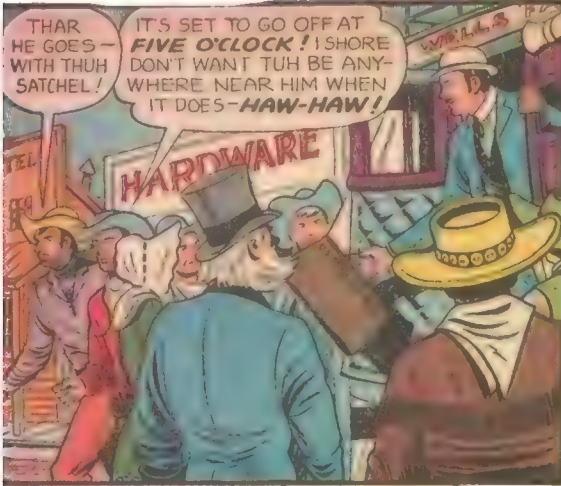
YOU MEN KEEP YOUR HANDS IN
THE AIR—AND YOU LADIES START
HANDING OVER THE FAMILY
JEWELS!

LOWDOWN
THIEVIN'
OWLHOOT!





THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

MEANWHILE

IF THAT COMMISSIONER THINKS HE'S GOING TO BREAK UP THE BIG RANGES, HE'S COUNTING WITHOUT ME—JIM HOSKINS!

YOU'RE SMART, BOSS—HIRIN' THEM TWO BAD-HATS TO GIT RID O' THUH COMMISSIONER FER YOU. I WONDER HOW THEY DONE IT?

I DON'T CARE **HOW** THEY DID IT—I JUST WANT TO BE SURE THEY **DID** IT! HERE COMES THE STAGE—**HEY! THE COMMISSIONER'S IN IT—ALIVE!**

JUMPIN' CACTUS—THEM GUYS DIDN'T DO THUH JOB! THEY TOOK YORE MONEY AN' TRICKED YUH, BOSS!

THAT'S WHAT COMES OF GETTING OTHER PEOPLE TO DO YOUR JOB FOR YOU. COME ON, BOYS—WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES AND WE'LL DO IT OUR WAY!



GOT THUH DRIVER, BOSS!

OKAY, MISTER—GET OUT!



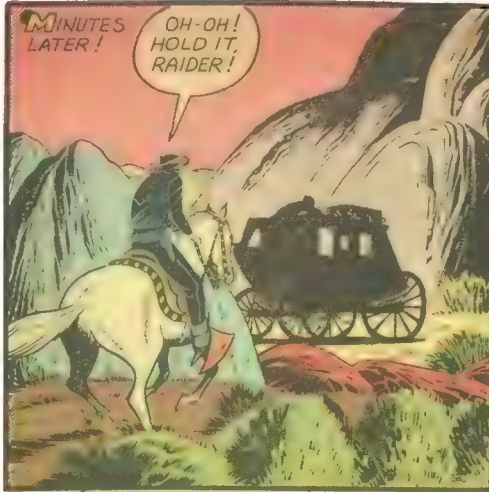
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I'M A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT! YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS!

NOT UNLESS **YOU** GET BACK TO TELL WHAT HAPPENED, COMMISSIONER...!



AND WHERE YOU'RE GOING—THERE'S NO COMING BACK!

THE DURANGO KID



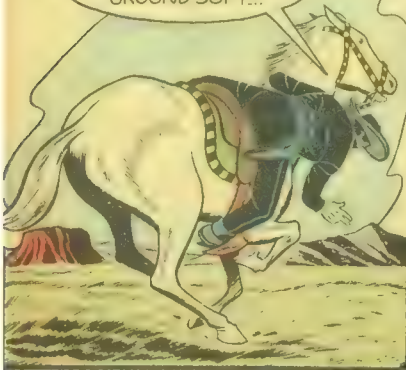
MINUTES
LATER!

OH-OH!
HOLD IT,
RAIDER!

BUNCH O' MASKED HOMBRES—I NEVER EVEN
SEEN 'EM COMIN'! DIDN'T WANT MONEY—
JEST WANTED THUH COMMISSIONER. THEY
GUN-WHIPPED ME RIGHT OFF AN' I
NEVER SEEN WHICH WAY
THEY WENT...

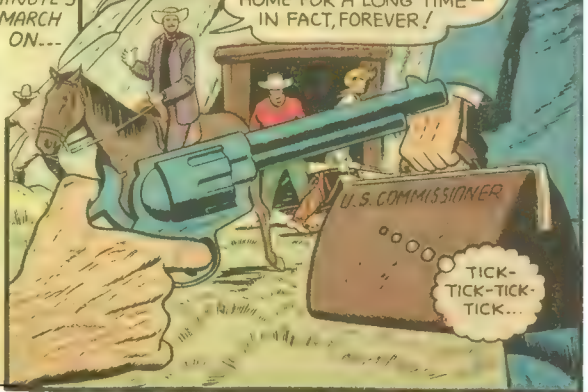


IT'S A HALF HOUR TO
FIVE O'CLOCK—I'VE GOT TO
FIND THEM! HERE ARE SOME
TRACKS—LAST NIGHT'S
RAIN MADE THE
GROUND SOFT...



THE
SECONDS
TICK BY!
MINUTES
MARCH
ON...

HERE WE ARE, BOYS—THE OLD LUCKY LOU MINE!
PUT A GUARD OUT, BOYS. MARCH RIGHT IN,
COMMISSIONER—THIS MINE WILL BE YOUR
HOME FOR A LONG TIME—
IN FACT, FOREVER!



TICK-
TICK-TICK-
TICK...

HOLD IT, EVERYBODY! REACH
FOR THE CLOUDS,
HOMBRES!



BUT—DURANGO, FIGHTING FOR TIME, ACTED TOO FAST!

GRAB A
CLOUD,
YOURSELF,
DURANGO!

BLAZES! I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN THEY'D HAVE
THIS SPOT
COVERED!

MIGHTY SURPRISED
AT YOU, DURANGO—
FALLING INTO A TRAP
LIKE THIS!



THE DURANGO KID

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, DURANGO—YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL STAY. IN FACT, LIKE THE COMMISSIONER—I THINK YOU'LL STAY FOREVER!



OKAY, START MOVING—INTO THAT MINE. MOVE, DURANGO—AND YOU, TOO, COMMISSIONER. TAKE THAT SACHEL OF YOURS WITH YOU—I DON'T WANT ANYTHING LEFT BEHIND!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

KNOCK THESE SUPPORTS AWAY, BOYS. SO LONG, DURANGO. SO LONG, COMMISSIONER—MAYBE SOMEDAY THEY'LL FIND YOUR BONES IN THIS MINE—BUT NOT FOR A HUNDRED YEARS!
HAW-HAW-HAW!



THEY DID IT! WE'RE BURIED ALIVE! WHAT A TERRIBLE DEATH!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, COMMISSIONER!



TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK...

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT TIME IS IT?

EXACTLY FIVE O'CLOCK—IF THAT MATTERS. WE WON'T HAVE MUCH USE FOR THE TIME FROM NOW ON, DURANGO!



HEY!—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ASK NO QUESTIONS, COMMISSIONER....!



TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK...

...JUST DUCK! AND DUCK FAST!

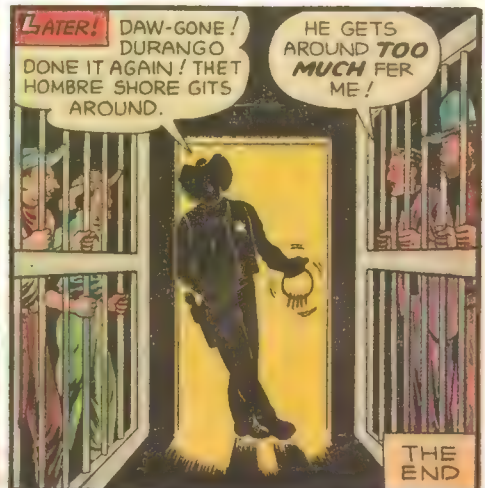


TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK...

THE DURANGO KID



AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...



NIGHT OF TERROR

THE THIN PLUME of smoke lifted upward from the red sandstone bluff. The man crouched in the shadows of a pinón watched it with narrowed eyes. His tongue came out to lick at his dry lips, as cold terror ran its way down his spine beneath the faded blue shirt. "Apaches," he told the dry New Mexico air. "On the war trail—and me with a dead horse—and no bullet for my gun!"

He had been out prospecting in the Dragons, hunting gold. He had a few nuggets in a leather bag at his waist, enough to make his trip into these mountains well worth while, if he could make it back to the post—with his scalp still on his head!

Zeke Gibbons shook his tawney head, wrinkles of worry furrowing his forehead. Without a horse, without a gun to fight his way out of a trap, his chances of saving that scalp were almost nil. Gibbons had seen what Apaches did to the men they caught. He had seen men hung over a slow fire, tied upside down to a wagonwheel. He had seen other things, even less pretty than what was left of the men after the fire had burned its way out.

He set out at a slow trot along the narrow trail that looped around the mesaland. He carried a rifle in his right hand, a rifle whose chamber and magazine were empty. At his right side hung a long hunting knife in a fringed sheath. *If I can keep out of sight, maybe I can make it. . . .*

The sun poured down with terrific fury. It slid over the wide brim of his soft hat to beat down on his shoulders; it was an exhausting weight on his back. It slowed his feet and numbed his muscles.

Gibbons came to a bend in the trail. Ten feet below, the trail went on. If he could get down to that lower trail, he would save himself hours of travel. But he would make himself a prime target against the sky for keen Apache eyes.

He shrugged and went to his knees. *I make it or I don't*, he told himself. He dug the long blade of his knife into the loose soil, and dug with a toe at a protruding rock.

Midway down the face of the cliff he heard the yell.

It froze his blood, for it came from deep in the belly, and ululated out from a throbbing Apache throat. Something came and whined high overhead and then he heard the flat, dull report of a Winchester sounding across the flats.

"They've seen me," Gibbons grated between his teeth. "Now they'll be coming this way on their ponies and —"

He choked off his words. No need to waste breath on the empty air. He would need all that breath for running. And then he felt solid rock under his moccasin and he lowered himself to the ledge.

He ran into the approaching dusk with long strides, moving steadily downward toward the flats. He was planning ahead, knowing the Apaches would be coming for him. Night was only two hours away. It was dry and cool at night, a good time to travel, once he was off the mesa.

Gibbons found a tiny spring and lay on his belly, drinking carefully, storing up the wetness against the coming darkness. He rolled over and lay on his back, limp, letting his muscles ease. Overhead he could see the stars come winking out, bright in the black-

ness of the sky. He wondered idly if he would see those stars tomorrow night.

When he felt refreshed, he went trotting onto the flats. Somewhere out behind him, in the blackness rimming the sotol and the sage, the Apaches were coming, swiftly and steadily on their ponies. Gibbons knew he had one advantage: on foot, he would not loom high up against the horizon, as he would if he had been mounted. By taking advantage of the cactus and ocotillo, running from clump to clump so that he merged with their denser shadows, he might make it.

Now as he ran he could hear the drumming hoofs. They might not attack him at night—the Apaches, like most other Indians—rarely fought at night, believing that the spirit who came to guide them to the happy hunting grounds might not find them in the blackness, were they killed. But if they learned he had no bullets for the rifle he carried—

Gibbons put that thought away from him, and concentrated on running.

He came upon the wagon an hour after midnight. It still smoked, its charred ribs smouldering, a dull red showing here and there where the fire lingered.

Gibbons did not look at what remained of the two bodies on the ground. The Apaches had caught these men early yesterday, had amused themselves with torture for some hours, then had fired the wagon and run off the horses.

He hunted in the wreckage, and found black char from the ruins of the smoking wagon. Carefully he ran the soft black char over his hands and face, turning them as black as the night around him. Then he took new and fresher bits of char and rubbed it over his shirt and trousers.

"I'm as black as the night itself," he told the dead things on the ground. "They'll never see me now!"

He hunted for bullets, but the Apache search had been thorough. They had taken rifles and bullets, food and clothing.

Gibbons ran on.

It was an hour before dawn when the Apache found him. Gibbons was looking for a windfall or cave in which to spend the daytime hours. As he hunted, a grim figure rose up out of the night, reining in abruptly.

The thought came to Gibbons, even as he went off his feet at the Apache, that the redskin was more surprised to see him than Gibbons was to find the Apache barring his path. He was a short, stocky brave with wide shoulders that betrayed terrific physical strength. A red flannel headband ran about his dark black hair. High moccasins reached almost to his knees. His thighs were bare.

The Apache grunted as Gibbons rammed

into him, driving his head goatlike, forward into the Apache's belly. With a guttural "Whoof," the Apache tumbled backwards.

Gibbons was on him even as he hit the ground. His fingers went for the greasy throat, tangling in the long hair. He gulped in a lungful of air and his fingers found their grip and tightened.

The Apache writhed, clawing at those iron fingers, trying to rip them free so as to scream for help from his fellow tribesmen who were even then hunting for this man who sought his life. But there was maniacal strength in Zeke Gibbons in these dawn hours. He was fighting not only to stay alive, but to keep himself from the tortures that had made the name of Apache a dread one in the American southwest.

The Apache's struggles grew weaker. There was a dry rattling sounding in his throat. He shook spasmodically and his arms fell away. He lay there as Gibbons held his grip for another minute until he was positive that the man under him was dead.

Then he got to his knees, ripped loose the bandolier of brass cartridges and lifted the carbine the Apache had dropped.

He caught the Apache pony after a short chase, but did not mount him. Grasping the rope hackamore, he led him at a walk across the flats. "If I get up on him, those other braves may see me. If I let him go, they'll maybe find him, hunt for their missing friend, and then come hotfooting it after me!"

The first pink tints of dawn found Gibbons plodding across a sandy plain fifteen miles from the trading post. He halted to look behind him. The red sandstone bluffs loomed high in the distance.

Gibbons grinned, even though the effort hurt his dry lips. "Now let 'em catch me!" He swung onto the pony and kicked at its ribs.

Fresh, the wiry little bronc began to run. Gibbons let him go for a mile, then pulled him in to a slower pace. "No need to blaze daylight. Those 'Pache devils will have run up and down all night, trying to find me. They're in no shape to catch you. I've saved you for these last few miles. If they show, you can run your fool head off!"

Toward noon, he saw the Apaches trailing him, miles to the rear. He shook the reins, and the tough pony really ran. Gibbons laughed, as only a man can laugh who has touched death's cold fingers and lived to remember it.

Two miles away, he could see the log walls of the post. The Apaches would never get him now. He was safe.

Zeke Gibbons began to whistle.

THE END

Dan Brand and Tipi

"TIPi'S TREASON"



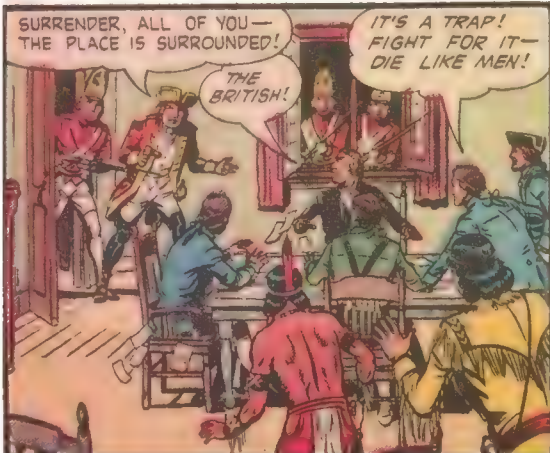
AN APPALACHIAN FARMHOUSE— A SECRET MEETING...



THE RISK WAS WELL WORTH IT, GENTLEMEN! I BRING A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON! LEAN CLOSER—NOT A SOUL MUST OVERHEAR...



SURRENDER, ALL OF YOU— THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED!



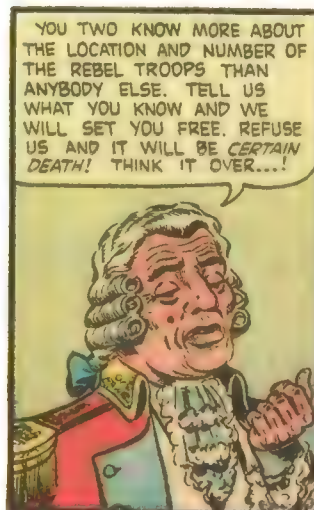
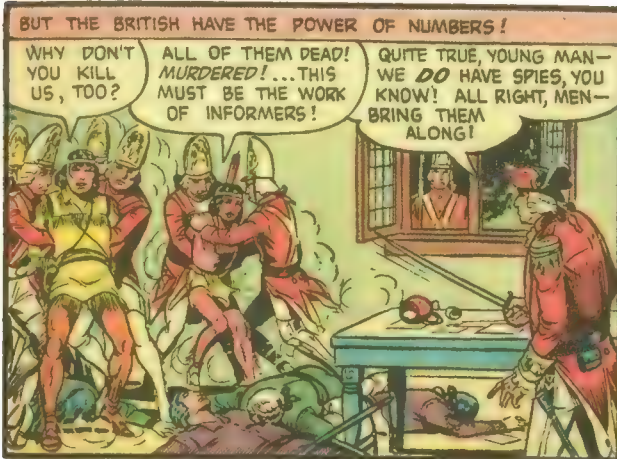
IT'S A TRAP! FIGHT FOR IT— DIE LIKE MEN!

THE BRITISH!

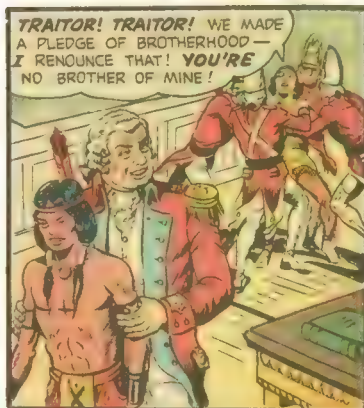
SHOOT TO KILL! — BUT I WANT DAN AND HIS FRIEND ALIVE...



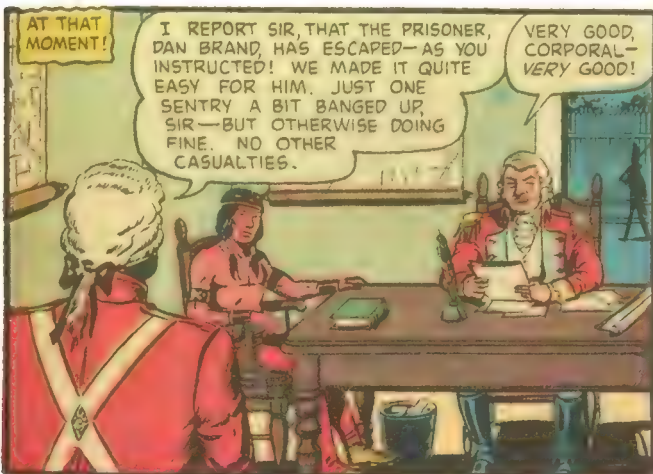
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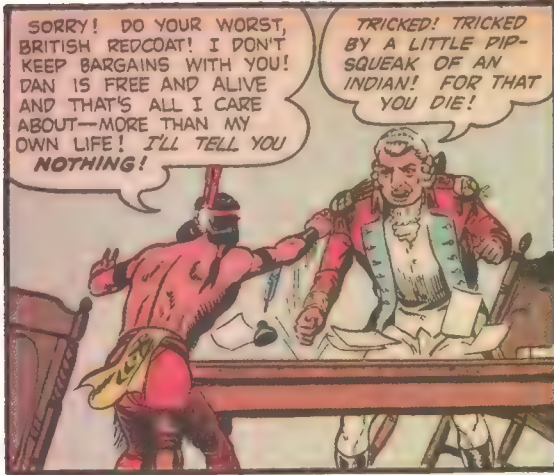
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FREE! Let me send you (f.o.b. factory) food and household products to test in your home. Tell your friends, make money. Rush your name and age. ZANOL, Dept. 6053-A, Richmond St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMAZING EXTRA MONEY PLAN gives you gorgeous dress without penny cost. Rush name today, with dress size. HARFORD, Dept. L-2180, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

SPARE TIME MONEY plus NEW CAR as encouragement bonus. Amazing 60 gauge nylons, 3 pr. guaranteed 3 mos. Write to WILKINT, A-741 Midway, Greenfield, O.

STRANGE "DRY" WINDOW CLEANER sells like wild. Replaces messy rags, liquids. Simply glide over glass. Samples sent on total. KRISTEE, Dept. 90, Akron, Ohio.

SELL MIRACLE ORLON Embroidered Work Uniforms! Looks, feels, tailors like wool; wears 3 times longer. Outwears cotton 5 to 1. Acid-proof, grease-resistant. Washes perfectly pressed. Amazing profits. Outfit FREE. TOPPS, Dept. 871, Rochester, Indiana.

ADVERTISERS

You're looking at the world's biggest classified advertising buy! SEVENTEEN MILLION circulation at a cost-per-word so low, you'll schedule your advertising here every issue. For rates, closing dates, full information write COMIC BOOK CLASSIFIED, 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING world's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. HARFORD, Dept. L-2394, Cincinnati, O.

MANUFACTURER-Wants reliable MEN - WOMEN for Profitable Mail Order work. Home. Sparetime. Write LIEBIG INDUSTRIES, Beaver Dam 20, Wis.

GET EXTRA SPENDING MONEY quick and easy, in spare time! Show neighbors gorgeous new greeting card assortments. Year's supply for birthdays, all occasions, at bargain. Everybody buys. Pays you big profits. Experience unnecessary. FREE Stationery Samples; Assortments on approval. STUART GREETINGS, 325 Randolph St., Dept. 607, Chicago 6, Ill.

PHOTO FINISHING

12 JUMBOS 35¢, 8 JUMBOS 25¢, 16 JUMBOS 50¢ from roll or negatives with this ad. C.G. SKRUDLAND, Lake Geneva, Wis.

PERSONAL

BORROWING BY MAIL. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. K-74, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

SEW OUR RED-CUT HANDY-HANKY aprons at home. Easy, Profitable. A & B Enterprises, 2516 N. Albert Pike, Ft. Smith, Arkansas.

ADDRESS ADVERTISING Postcards. Must have good handwriting. Lindo, Watertown, Massachusetts.

TRICKS, MAGIC, NOVELTIES

CATALOG OF 3200 NOVELTIES, JOCKERS, TRICKS, Funmakers, Magic Gadgets, Timesavers, Hobbies, Models, Guns, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Cameras, Optical Goods, etc. Send 10¢ to JOHNSON SMITH CO., Dept. 712, Detroit 7, Mich.

INVISIBLE REWEAVING

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME! Invisibly reweave damaged garments. Details Free. Fabricon, 8332-A S. Prairie, Chicago, Ill.

DISPOSAL UNITS

OUTDOOR TOILETS, CESSPOOLS, SEPTIC TANKS cleaned and deodorized with amazing new product. Just mix dry Powder with water; pour into toilet. Safe, no poisons. Save digging, pumping costs. Postcard brings FREE details. BURSON LABORATORIES, Dept. 0-91, Chicago 22, Illinois.

WHOLESALE CATALOGUE

BE A JOBBER-make big money. Draw from our 250,000 stock of toys, novelties, appliances, jewelry, religious goods, nationally-advertised wrist watches-hundreds of others. Get jobber discounts even in small quantities. Profits over 100%! Write for FREE catalog. Modern Merchandise, Dept. CBC, 169 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF CHARLES STARRETT AS THE DURANGO KID, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1953

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:
Publisher, MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.
Editor, RAYMOND C. KRANK, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, SARAH R. HENDERSON, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a cor-

poration, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

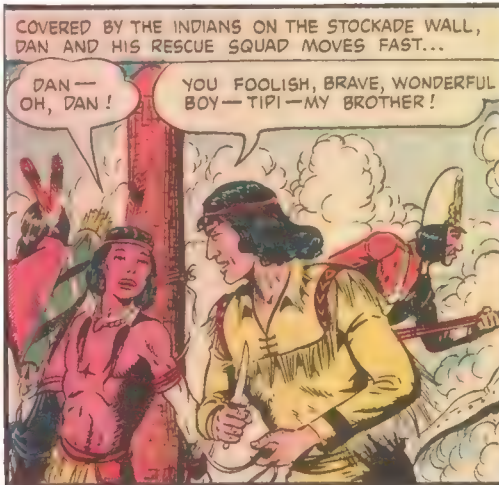
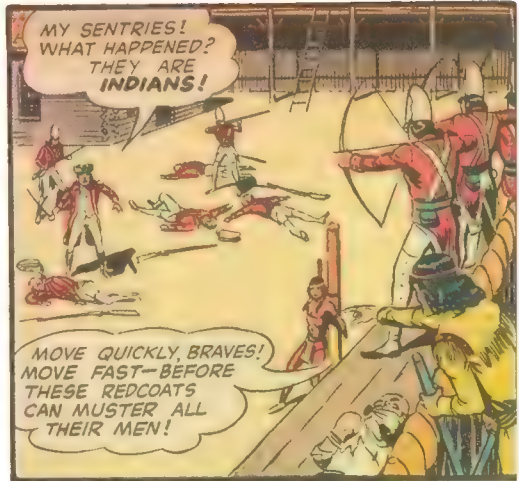
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as

trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1953.

THEODORE MARVIN,
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 08-7747800. Qualified in Bronx Co.
Certificates filed with Bronx & New York
County Clerks & Reg.
Commission Expires March 30, 1954

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EASY—JUST ANOTHER BAD HAT CORRALED TO JUSTICE—BUT IT WAS TOUGH AND DANGEROUS AND ALMOST FATAL—BECAUSE
“THE LADY LOVED THE KILLER!”

ONE MORE STEP, DURANGO—AND THE GIRL GETS IT!

FRED GUARDINER

IN THE STATE JAIL...

THERE'S A THING OR TWO ABOUT LOCKS THAT I CAN TEACH YOU, LAWMAN!

GLUBPH!

OUT OF MY WAY, HOMBRES!

IT'S JOE STORM—ESCAPED! YIHUI!

AAAAH...I'M HIT... STOP HIM... STOP... AHHHHH...

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

NEXT DAY—IN RED GAP...

HEY, STEVE—JOE STORM'S BUSTED THE COOP!

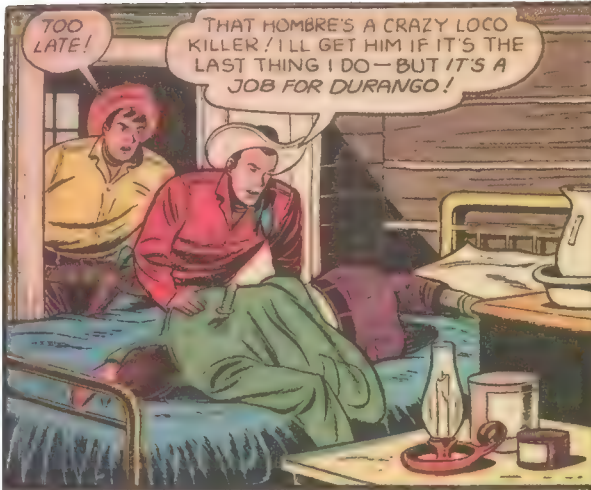
BETTER GET OVER TO WARN JOSH FELLOWS RIGHT AWAY!

RED CAP THE CONVICT ESCAPES PEN IN GUNFIGHT

IT WAS JOSH'S TESTIMONY THAT PUT JOE STORM INTO JAIL AND JOE'S SWORN TO KILL HIM! JOSH IS GOING TO NEED PROTECTION!

HEY! WAIT FER ME! PUFF—PUFF!

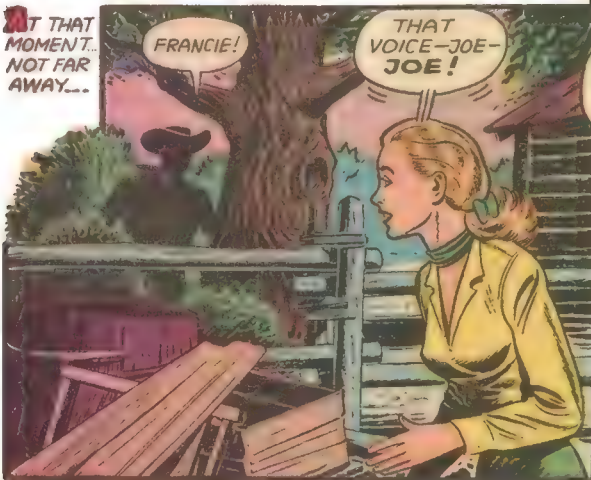
THE DURANGO KID



TOO LATE!

THAT HOMBRE'S A CRAZY LOCO KILLER! I'LL GET HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO—BUT IT'S A JOB FOR DURANGO!

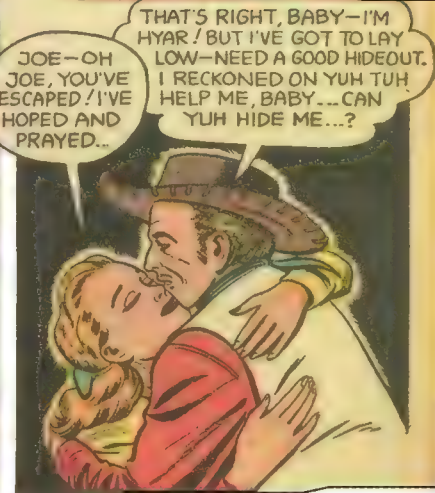
JOE STORM IS GOING TO NEED A HIDEOUT FOR A WHILE—NOW WHERE WOULD HE GO...?



AT THAT MOMENT... NOT FAR AWAY...

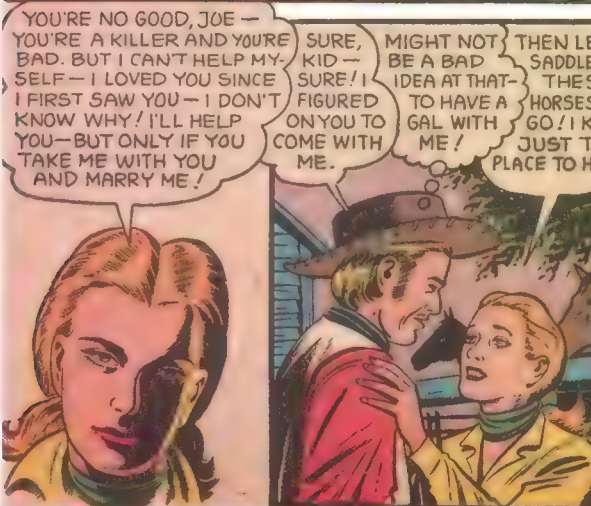
FRANCIE!

THAT VOICE—JOE—JOE!



JOE—OH JOE, YOU'VE ESCAPED! I'VE HOPED AND PRAYED...

THAT'S RIGHT, BABY—I'M HYAR! BUT I'VE GOT TO LAY LOW—NEED A GOOD HIDEOUT. I RECKONED ON YUH TUH HELP ME, BABY... CAN YUH HIDE ME...?



YOU'RE NO GOOD, JOE—YOU'RE A KILLER AND YOU'RE BAD. BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF—I LOVED YOU SINCE I FIRST SAW YOU—I DON'T KNOW WHY! I'LL HELP YOU—BUT ONLY IF YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU AND MARRY ME!

SURE, KID—SURE!! FIGURED ON YOU TO COME WITH ME.

MIGHT NOT BE A BAD IDEA AT THAT—TO HAVE A GAL WITH ME!

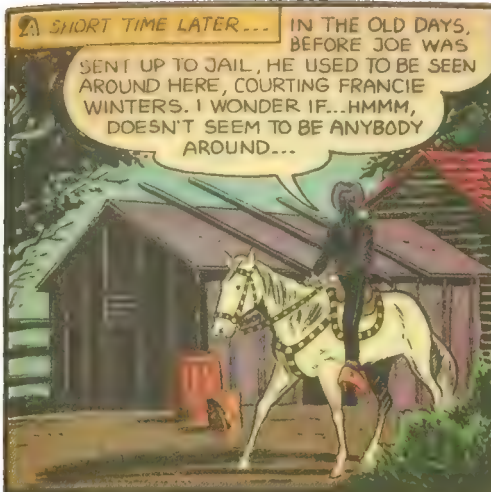
THEN LET'S SADDLE UP THESE HORSES AND GO! I KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO HIDE!

WE CAN HIDE IN MESQUITE CANYON FOR THE NIGHT. THERE'S A SECRET EXIT OUT OF IT NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT BUT ME AND ONE OTHER PERSON—IT LEADS OVER THE BORDER INTO MEXICO...

GREAT! WE'LL BE OVER THE BORDER IN THE MORNING!

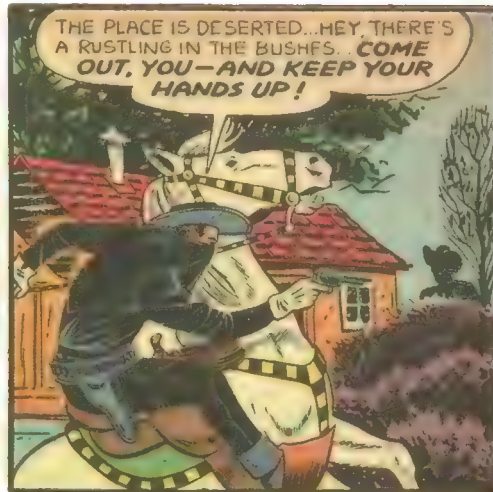


THE DURANGO KID



A SHORT TIME LATER...

IN THE OLD DAYS, BEFORE JOE WAS SENT UP TO JAIL, HE USED TO BE SEEN AROUND HERE, COURTING FRANCIE WINTERS. I WONDER IF...HMMM, DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY AROUND...



THE PLACE IS DESERTED...HEY, THERE'S A RUSTLING IN THE BUSHES. **COME OUT, YOU—AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!**



EASY, DURANGO—IT'S JUST ME, SAM TAYLOR!

YOU'RE FRANCIE WINTER'S NEIGHBOR, AREN'T YOU—LIVE DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE. WHAT'S THE IDEA SNEAKING UP LIKE THIS?

SO SHE'S GONE, EH? AND THERE'S TWO HORSES MISSING OUT OF HER CORRAL, FRANCIE'S STALLION AND ANOTHER ONE. I WAS AFRAID OF THAT—I CAME AS SOON AS I FOUND OUT JOE STORM BUSTED JAIL...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN—AFRAID OF WHAT?

I WAS AFRAID JOE WOULD COME HERE AND TAKE FRANCIE AWAY WITH HIM—THAT'S WHAT! DURANGO, I'VE BEEN FRANCIE'S NEIGHBOR ALL MY LIFE—AND I'VE LOVED HER ALL MY LIFE. WE WERE GOING TO GET MARRIED—UNTIL THAT JOE STORM CAME ALONG WITH HIS CRAZY, RECKLESS WAYS...



THINK, SAM TAYLOR—THINK! YOU MAY SAVE YOUR FRANCIE YET! IF SHE WANTED TO HIDE JOE, WHERE WOULD SHE TAKE HIM?

I DON'T KNOW, DURANGO—I JUST DON'T KNOW...HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!—**DO KNOW! LET'S GO!**

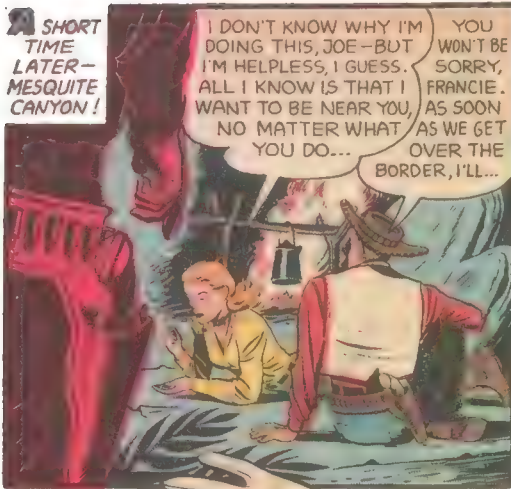


THERE'S A HIDDEN CANYON—WE CALL MESQUITE CANYON—FRANCIE AND I USED TO GO THERE WHEN WE WERE KIDS. NOBODY ELSE KNOWS ABOUT IT...

IT'S A CHANCE—LET'S TAKE IT! BUT **YOU** STAY OUT—I'M GOING IN THAT CANYON **ALONE!**

THE DURANGO KID

**SHORT
TIME
LATER—
MESQUITE
CANYON!**



I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS, JOE—BUT I'M HELPLESS, I GUESS. ALL I KNOW IS THAT I WANT TO BE NEAR YOU, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO...

YOU WON'T BE SORRY, FRANCIE. AS SOON AS WE GET OVER THE BORDER, I'LL...



YOU'LL WHAT, JOE STORM?

DURANGO!



**QUICK,
JOE—
QUICK!**

THANKS, KID—FAST THINKING!

BLAZES!



WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU'RE LIKE WITHOUT THAT GUN, DURANGO!

YOU WON'T LIKE WHAT YOU FIND, STORM!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

UMPHH!
YEAH—I SEE!



THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT, DURANGO!

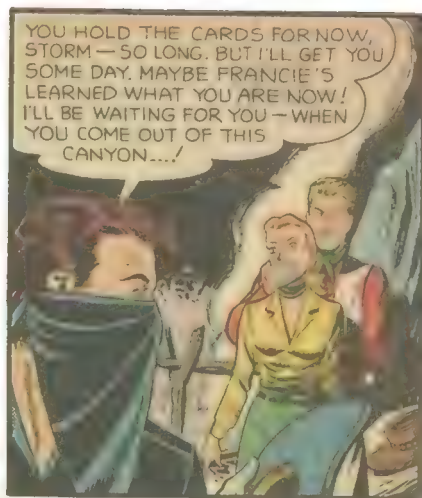
CAT—OR RAT, STORM?

THE DURANGO KID



TURN AROUND, DURANGO, AND KEEP WALKING — OUT OF THIS CANYON! IF I CATCH SIGHT OF YOU IN THE NEXT 24 HOURS, THE GIRL GETS IT IN THE BACK!

I WAS RIGHT — IT'S **RAT!**

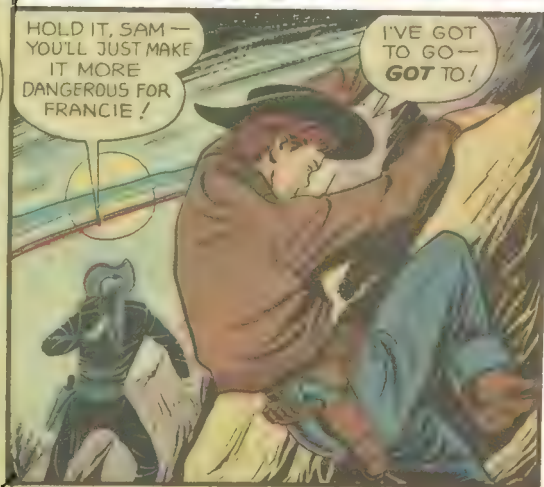


YOU HOLD THE CARDS FOR NOW, STORM — SO LONG. BUT I'LL GET YOU SOME DAY. MAYBE FRANCIE'S LEARNED WHAT YOU ARE NOW! I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU — WHEN YOU COME OUT OF THIS CANYON...!



HE'S THERE, ALL RIGHT — BUT HE'S GOT A KNIFE IN THE GIRL'S BACK. WE JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR OUR CHANCE!

THE SKUNK! I'M GOING IN THERE, DURANGO!



HOLD IT, SAM — YOU'LL JUST MAKE IT MORE DANGEROUS FOR FRANCIE!

I'VE GOT TO GO — **GOT TO!**



MEANWHILE... YOU'D REALLY HAVE KILLED ME — MAYBE YOU WILL YET! WHAT KIND OF BEAST ARE YOU, JOE STORM?

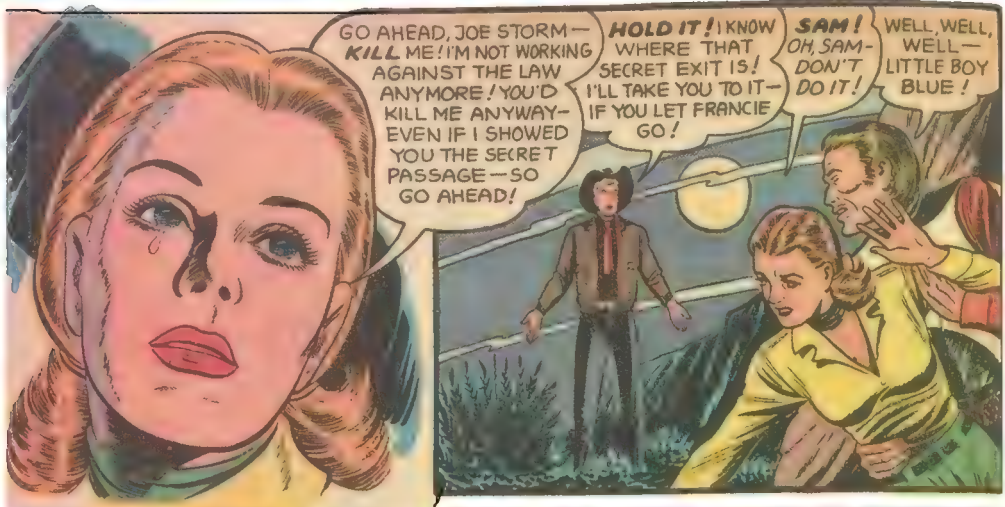
AW, SHUT UP! COME ON — LEAD ME TO THAT SECRET EXIT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT!

NO! I WON'T DO IT! I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME, EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE NO GOOD — BUT NOW I KNOW YOU FOR THE SELFISH ANIMAL YOU ARE! I'M THROUGH MAKING MISTAKES.

WHY, YOU LITTLE —! WHERE'S THAT SECRET EXIT? I'LL KILL YOU, IF YOU DON'T TELL!



THE DURANGO KID



GO AHEAD, JOE STORM—
KILL ME! I'M NOT WORKING
AGAINST THE LAW
ANYMORE! YOU'D
KILL ME ANYWAY—
EVEN IF I SHOWED
YOU THE SECRET
PASSAGE—SO
GO AHEAD!

HOLD IT! I KNOW
WHERE THAT
SECRET EXIT IS!
I'LL TAKE YOU TO IT—
IF YOU LET FRANCIE
GO!

SAM!
OH, SAM—
DON'T
DO IT!

WELL, WELL,
WELL—
LITTLE BOY
BLUE!

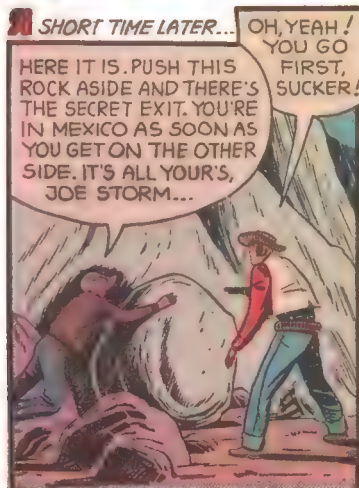


LEAD ON, SAM—
AND YOU'D BETTER
KNOW WHERE YOU'RE
GOING OR
ELSE!

OH, SAM—HE'LL KILL
YOU ANYWAY, HE'S THAT
CRAZY! SAM, SAM, YOU'RE
DOING IT FOR ME—WHAT
A FOOL I'VE BEEN...



DURANGO! DURANGO! I'VE
GOT TO FIND DURANGO!
THERE'S SOMETHING
ELSE I KNOW—
SOMETHING EVEN
SAM DOESN'T
KNOW...
DURANGO!



HERE IT IS. PUSH THIS
ROCK ASIDE AND THERE'S
THE SECRET EXIT. YOU'RE
IN MEXICO AS SOON AS
YOU GET ON THE OTHER
SIDE. IT'S ALL YOURS,
JOE STORM...

OH, YEAH!
YOU GO
FIRST,
SUCKER!



KEEP MOVING,
HOMBRE. YOU AIN'T
GETTIN' RID OF
ME YET.



HERE WE
ARE—IT
WAS JUST
AS I SAID.

IT SHORE WAS, ALL
RIGHT. LOOKS LIKE
THE COAST IS CLEAR,
TOO!

THE DURANGO KID





MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!
YOURS **FOR ONLY**
 THIS STUNNING ASSORTMENT OF
21 ALL-OCCASION GREETING CARDS!
 YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN IT!

**Just to prove how easily a few spare hours
 CAN EARN YOU \$50 CASH!**

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Cards as illustrated. Yes, **JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY** is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at \$2 to \$3 if bought separately.



**HERE'S WHAT
 YOU GET FOR
 ONLY 1¢**

- 10 Birthday Cards
- 6 Get-Well Cards
- 1 Anniversary Card
- 1 Congratulations
- 1 Baby Congratulations
- 1 Sympathy Card
- 1 Friendship Card
- 21 Envelopes

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!

This special offer is made to men, women, boys and girls for one reason: to let you see for yourself how easy it is to make lots of extra spending money with this wonderful selling plan. So our offer is strictly limited, and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments **ON APPROVAL**, together with complete **MONEY-MAKING PLAN** and **FREE** Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry — this offer may not be repeated.

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.

201 Way Street, Elmira, New York

In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ontario

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
 201 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.

I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments **ON APPROVAL**, plus **ONE BOX OF ALL OCCASION** Cards for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1¢. Also include **FREE** Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

Name

Address

City & Zone State

☐ Check here for Club or Group Fund-Raising Plan

**RAISE FUNDS
 FOR YOUR CLUB
 OR GROUP**

Ask for Special Plans to
 raise money for your
 club or group.



GIVEN - GIVEN - GIVEN

BE FIRST

BE FIRST

WE ARE RELIABLE



ACT NOW



BOYS
GIRLS



LADIES
MEN



Be
First
Act
Now

OUR
59th
YEAR

1000 Shot Red Ryder Repeater Air Rifles with Tube of Shot, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Dolls, Radios, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 59th year

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,
Dept. A-102, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON

OUR 59th YEAR

GIVEN - PREMIUMS or CASH

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES
ACT NOW - BE FIRST

MAIL COUPON



OUR 59th
YEAR

BE
FIRST

SEND NO MONEY - WE TRUST YOU - ACT NOW

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in catalog sent with your order

postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon today. We are reliable. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. B-102, Tyrone, Pa.

CASH - GIVEN - PREMIUMS

Radios, Billfolds, Baseball Bats, Baseball Outfits, Swim Masks, Food Choppers, Blankets, (sent postage paid). **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. D-102, Tyrone, Pa.



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OUR 59th YEAR

GIVEN

Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Fishing Outfits, Bicycle Lights, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Wagons (sent express charges collect) **Simply Give** beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White Cloverine Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and so easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us.

WE TRUST YOU



BOYS
GIRLS



Wilson Chem.
Co., Dept. C-102
Tyrone, Pa.

OUR 59th YEAR

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. ME-102, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium, wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....
ST..... R.D..... BOX.....
ZONE
TOWN..... NO..... STATE.....

Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

HE FLEW LIKE A BIRD



You, Too, Can Build Flying Wings Like Leonardo's

People laughed, but Leonardo built the wings and took off. What happened is told in **THE BIRDMAN**, the exciting story of Leonardo Da Vinci. Only carpenter tools are necessary to build these flying wings.

EXTRA SPECIAL TREAT

Also in **THE BIRDMAN**: The diagram of the parachute which Leonardo invented. You, too, can make it out of cloth and string by following the picture.

Send for and enjoy the exciting and thrilling illustrated **BIRDMAN**.

ONLY 98¢

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STRAVON PUBLISHERS, 113 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19, Dept. W231

I want to try **THE BIRDMAN** 10 days. I will deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage. After trying 10 days I may return **THE BIRDMAN** for a full refund of the purchase price if not thrilled.

☐ Check here if you enclose 98¢ and save the postage and C.O.D. charge.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

FIRST TIME OFFERED

PERMANENT 3D GLASSES WITH REAL NON-BREAKABLE LIFE-TIME FRAMES....



Now enjoy 3D movies and 3D comics too with your own permanent 3D glasses. Easier on the eyes — Will not fall off your ears because the rims and frame are real permanent life-time plastic glasses.

Permanent 3D glasses are sanitary — more comfortable and less tiring than the cardboard kind.

ONLY 98¢

Try 10 Days Free • SEND NO MONEY

MAIL COUPON NOW

WARD GREEN CO., 113 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush my permanent 3D glasses. I pay postman 98¢ plus charges. I'll get a full refund of purchase price if not satisfied.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Enclosed is 98¢, Ward Green pays postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE...

when you know how!

Want the thrill of imposing your will over someone? Of making someone do exactly what you order? Try hypnotism! This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction. You'll find it entertaining and gratifying.

HOW TO HYPNOTIZE shows all you need to know. It is put so simply, anyone can follow it. And there are 24 revealing photographs for your guidance.

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FREE ten days' examination of this system is offered to you if you send the coupon today. We will ship you our copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, return it in 10 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, Dept. H-271 113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



Mail Coupon Today

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. H-271
113 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** in plain wrapper.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.98. Send postpaid.

If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Canada & Foreign—\$2.50 with order